

BEAR CLUB

1920

Elsie Moore

Vesta Gray

Reverend

John G. Howe



Clyde Wolfe

To the Dean
Of our worthy Junior College
Who has added to the knowledge
Of us all,

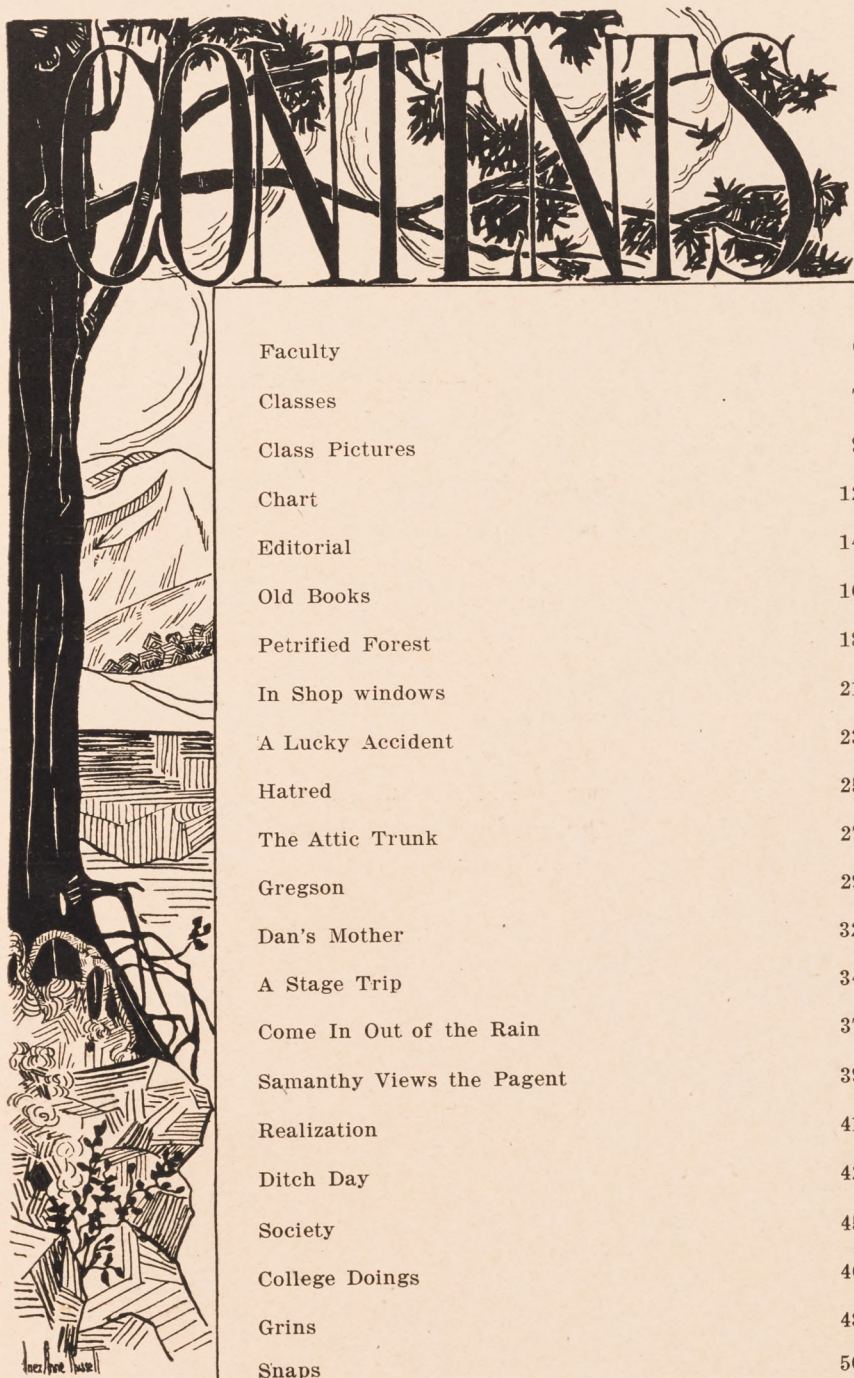
Who has given without measure
Sympathy for toil or pleasure
To us all,

Who always held on high the light
And always kept the goal in sight
For us all,

To him who ne'er our cause forsook
We humbly dedicate this book
One and all.

APPRECIATION

The editors will take this opportunity for expressing their sincere appreciation to Mr. Borst for his untiring assistance, literary criticism and valuable suggestions; to Dr. Wolfe for his ideas and literary contributions, to the faculty and student body for their hearty cooperation and support, without which this "Bear Cub" would not have been possible.

	
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'20

Herrel Weber
Eunice Gutermute
Inez Russell
Elsie Moore
Laura Whitney
Dorothy Adams

'21

Roderick Craig
Isabel Homan
Annie Sheppard
Frank Jenton
Dorothy Kent
Thomas Brownscombe
Waldemar King
Edith Moore
Esther Sorensen



Verrel Weber



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Eunice Gutermute

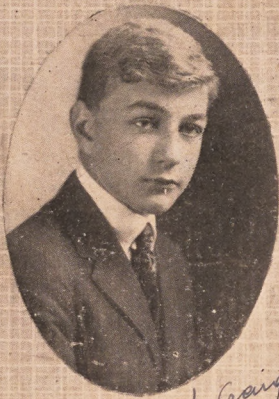


Laura Whitney

**VERREL WEBER
EUNICE GUTERMUTE**

LAURA WHITNEY

**INEZ RUSSELL
ELSIE MOORE**



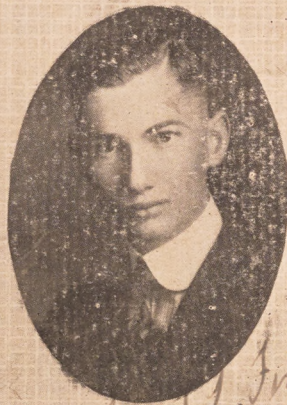
Roderick Craig.



Annie Sheppard.



Isabel Homan



Frank L. Fenton



Dorothy Adams.

**RODERICK CRAIG
ISABEL HOMAN**

DOROTHY ADAMS '20

**ANNIE SHEPPARD
FRANK FENTON**



Dorothy Kent



Waldemar King



Thomas Browncombe



Edith Moore



E. Sorensen

DOROTHY KENT
THOMAS BROWNSCOMBE

ESTHER SORESEN

WALDEMAR KING
EDITH MOORE

POLITICAL CHART SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF MEMBERS OF JUNIOR COLLEGE

POLITICAL CARD CAMPAIGN NAME		PLATFORM	SLOGAN	PULL	CAUSE OF RECALL
Laura Whitney for Public Dispenser of Etiquette	Dearie	Endless Postponement of Exams	Oh Hecky	We do our best	Forgot to have her hair Marcelled
Elsie Moore for Tight Rope Walker	El	Sweet Simplicity	All Rightie	Sweet Smile	Her Sunday School Class
Eunice Gutermute for Ever	Eunie	Stage	Oh Well	Magnetic Personality	Bum Connection
Inez Russell for President of Futurist Art Ass'n.	Inie	Compulsory, Self Starter and Extra Springs on Ford	You 'n' me each	Ford	Radical Dress
Verrel Weber for Holder of All Offices	Ver	Rule by One	Darn!	Stature	Opinion of herself
Annie Sheppard for Horse Trainer	Shep	Beginning to Study	Good Lands	No pull, bluff	Passed in Math
Frank Fenton for Life Saver	Slim	Universal Use of White Sox	Do Tell	Mervyn	Indiscriminate use of French Conversation
Dorothy Kent for Miss Gray's Successor	Dot	Good Roads	Oh My	Wistful expression Oh My	Chemistry
Roderick Craig for Literary Critic	Rod	Free Speech	I'll say so	His brains	Once too often
Isabel Homan for Manakin	Izzie	Rights of Man	Oh—Let's See	Dimples	Arrived on Time
Thos. Brownscombe for Leader in Senate	Tommie	Onward and Upward	What th' Sam Hill	Imposing presence	Frivolity

Political Chart—Continued

POLITICAL CARD	CAMPAIGN NAME	PLATFORM	SLOGAN	PULL	CAUSE of RECALL
Edith Moore for Cinema Roller	E	Stout Planks	I See	Studebaker 6	Dick Knight
Dorthy Adams for Speed Cop	Grandma	Single Blessedness	Wha' zis, wha' zis?	Weeds	Got a Ford
Esther Sorensen for Historian	Star	Prohibition,— of Chemistry	Say!	English Papers	Pink Beads
Waldemar King for Press Agent	Waldie	Taking Snaps	I'll tell the wor-ruld	He dodges it	Over Exposure
C. L. Wolfe for Starter	Dearie	Probability of Theories	That'll be great	Scarcity of teachers	Got Stuck on a Problem
L. E. Walker for Yell Leader of Faculty Glee Club	Duckie	Watch Your Step	Oh, mais oui	Goes Under Own Power	Taciturnity
F. P. Bailey for Fireman	Bail	Adoption of fire Proof Sheds	Never Says Nothing	None at Present	Burnt Out
V. Gray for Culinary Expert	Vesta	This is a serious Matter	Young la-dees maintain silence	T. F. B.	Violation of Child Labor Laws
R. W. Borst for Sec'y of State in Bolshevik Regime	Dickey Bird	Free Speech, and Individual rights	By Crickey	Vocabulary	Absent Mindedness
M. F. Luddy for Gate Keeper	Mary F.	Maintenance of Closed Doors	I am sure you can do better than that	Back, front, side, and cross way knowledge of Latin	Eloped
J. G. Howes for Bolshevik Presi- dent of the U. S.	Jawn G.	Compulsory use of Charts in all History-Classes	With—er respect —to ah—um	Miss Miner	Home Cooking

BEAR CLUB



to distinguish our Junior College by giving its magazine a fitting name. We think we have chosen wisely, and that you may not judge harshly without due consideration, let us enumerate some of the reasons why the name is appropriate. The Junior College is a branch of the University of California; their emblem is the bear, hence ours is the bear cub. Then, too, the bear is the insignia upon our state flag. We wish it known that we as the student body of the Junior College chose the bear cub as our emblem because we admired it, and wished to be known as possessing some of its characteristics. Bear Cubs are intelligent and given to investigation. They are full

To the best of our knowledge no other publication bears this title. We wished to dis-

of fun and enjoy life. Are not these worthy traits?

Roderick Craig '21.
Business Manager.



The Junior College, a truly American institution, though comparatively recent-

reco gnized, has made remarkable progress in the past, and a wonderful future lies in store for it.

The success of the Junior College is due largely to its almost innumerable advantages, paramount among which is the fact that it enables one to pass the first, and most critical years of his college life in an institution where the instruction is of the best, and the classes small; a life somewhat like high school—but with the freedom characteristic of all colleges. The average high school graduate, in a large university is at a great disadvantage

—and a comparison of scholarship records of Junior College and university students for the first two years points out clearly that Junior College scholarship and training are by far the best.

The idea that at a large university the lower classes receive instructions from the prominent professors is entirely erroneous. The lower classes are in the hands of instructors and student assistants; and not until one reaches his third year does he receive instruction from any of the really "big men." On the contrary, at Junior College there are no student college instructors, but college professors.

Another matter of no little concern is that of finances—a college education away from home, at a

large university is necessarily a matter of great expense, while at a Junior College it is a comparatively small one. And there is the added advantage in most cases of home environment.

The Santa Rosa Junior College has started on the right road—this year the enrollment has shown an increase over that of last year, and promises to be nearly doubled next year.

As our Junior College grows and improves its benefit to the community and surrounding country will be easily perceived; and so there remains but one thing for everyone to do—boost the Junior College, everywhere and at all times.

Verrel Weber '20
Editor





Nothing is more interesting than old books. I never tire of looking thru their pages, for at each fresh perusal I discover something new about the people who have read them. The penmanship, as well as the thought in marginal notes shows the character of some former reader. Then sometimes one will find a marked passage or a turned-down leaf. Read this page and the person who has read the book long ago will stand before you. I have often run across objects between the pages of an old book that had been placed there by some reader: a pressed flower, or perhaps a letter. But one time I found something that interested me much more than dried posies or fond epistles. It was a grocery bill. Some tired housewife had carried her daily cares with her one evening long ago, and then had lost them among the pages of that old book. Some, however, were unable to lose their cares among the pages of a book, for I found margins filled with figures; sums of money at six per cent interest. Those men were worshippers of Efficiency.

In a copy of "The Old Curiosity Shop" I found the page dealing with the death of Little Nell strangely spotted; that reader was a kind-hearted soul. A copy of "Treasure Island" was filled with small, grimy finger prints,



and large red blotches that looked as if they might have been made by strawberry jam. On some rainy afternoon a small boy breathlessly sounded out the words that held him fascinated. In a book dealing with the matrimonial trials and tribulations of Princess Something-or-other, I found no marked passages, no marginal notes, but the pages were frightfully dog-eared and here and there thru the book were smudges of chocolate.

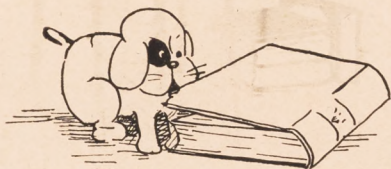
School books afford whole worlds for exploration. The fly leaf is covered with assignments and notes to some neighbor, and

as one turns the pages the joys and sorrows of the student are revealed. Here is a problem that gave great trouble, and here a chapter on which an examination was given, while the notes throughout the book tell the pleasures of some stern adult's youth.

Sometimes I have found a book which, though old, was stiff, and whose pages were without mark or blemish, and whose covers had been carefully protected. That reader was one of those persons who look at books as they would upon a chance acquaintance: something to be treated with reserve. If the reader had been a woman, there was never a speck of dust on her furniture, and her curtains were of white lace, stiffly starched. If the reader had been a man, his meals had to be ready at the exact minute, and woe betide the women of his household if there was ever a button off his shirt or a hole in in his sock!

One day I took from the shelf

a large book, one on some branch of science. It was a rare volume and was heavily bound in Morocco. On one corner, the bind-



ing had been chewed away by the teeth of a pup which had found the book where his master had absentmindedly left it on the floor. For some, perhaps, the beauty of the volume was destroyed, but the owner had not thought so, or he would have had the book rebound, and when I looked at that chewed corner I knew that that man had been a lover of dogs as well as of science.

Truly, I would not give a few old books for all the new ones printed.

F. L. F. '21

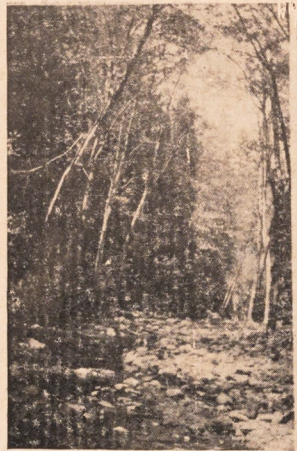


PETRIFIED FOREST

I like to take bicycle rides in the country but I also like to have an objective. On the occasion of which I write the goal was the famous Petrified Forest of Sonoma County.

We rode out the highway toward Healdsburg. Although it was early in the morning—about nine o'clock—there were a goodly number of cars on the road. A cyclist soon learns not to expect much, if any, consideration from automobiles. Some drivers of cars are very polite and give one as much road as a car would need, but, alas! these are in the minority. It has been said that the men in the big cars are more careless than the small car ownerers. I do not see it from this point of view, for to me it seems a matter of the bigness of the driver rather than the

size of the vehicle. After traversing the highway for about five miles we came to a road that turns off to the right and leads to Burke Sanitarium. From several of the hill tops along the road, we could see the famous barns of the Rossiter Ranch nestled on a little plateau among the hills on our left. We soon passed the sanitarium which is marked by the two large white buildings surrounded by a cluster of small houses and tents. From Burke on, we began to ascend, the grade seeming steeper than it really was because of the sharpness of the pitch in the short hills and the gentle slope



in the long down grades. After passing over the top of the spur, we descended into a valley, which we followed to Mark West Springs. The valley is the work

of the Mark West Creek, a small stream having its source a little above the Petrified Forest. The road winds along by the stream only a few feet above it. The creek bed is level and floored with round boulders over which the water leaps and sparkles in the opening of the dense shade cast by the overhanging trees. We rode through Mark West Springs, which is a modest appearing place, although it boasts of one of the largest grape arbors in the state.

This arbor is about fifty feet in length by twenty in width. The massive stems have reached the arbor by climbing the porch pillars which are about six inches square and hollow. As the stems grew stronger, they tried to straighten out and thus twisted the pillars in some cases nearly half around.

The most of the country surrounding Mark West Springs is natural woodland and pasture land, the few orchards being found only in the small valleys along some creek. From Mark West Springs to the Forest, the road is mostly up hill and in some places too narrow for safety. We finally arrived at the Forest and, as it was noon we decided to have our lunch, which we had brought with us, before seeing the stone trees. The owners have provided a place upon a knoll, about a hundred yards from the Inn, where one may sit in comfort and eat his lunch.

After lunch we went to the office and one of the guides showed us through the Forest.

He began the tour by an explanation of the cause for this natural phenomenon. He spoke of the outburst of Mount St. Helena and the covering of the hills with ash. As he spoke, one was carried back centuries in time until he saw the hill covered with tall stately redwoods. Then came the outburst of St. Helena accompanied and foretold by subterranean rumblings and hissings. Above the mountain towered a column of black smoke and ash and probably a few small rocks until, at a considerable height, the column widened out and overcast the valley and surrounding country with a dense pall of smoke through which filtered a few rays from the sun, giving the valley a sickly, yellow light, ominous and forbidding. For days and weeks the volcano vomited ash and smoke, obscuring the sun by day and the stars by night. The scene was marked in the day time by the black pall and night by the lurid glare and by sparks flying up, out of the crater. Soon after the beginning of this vengeance of nature, the birds and animals fled, but the trees could not flee and so they stood their ground, the heroes of a lost cause, until the ash bore them to the ground, and buried them under many feet of tuffa. There they remained sealed from the air and its decaying influ-

ence until their substance was gradually replaced, cell by cell, with liquid rock which solidified and preserved the shape and



structure of those giant red-woods.

The guide showed us thru the forest which consists of half a dozen or so tree trunks and numerous small pieces. In one of these giant rock trees there is growing a young oak about six inches in diameter. One of the trees is twelve feet thru and many feet in length. Not many years ago they unearthed the end of a tree and they are now tunneling into the hillside beside this tree. I think the known length of this tree is about two hundred feet. It is now the largest petrified tree in the world.

As we left the forest I could not help thinking of the line in our song, "Let rocks their silence break." How well these trees, now rocks, have spoken of the past!

R. Craig '21.



IN SHOP WINDOWS

By Frank L. Fenton.

I. A Pair Of Slippers

I saw them
In the window of a shop,
A pair of slippers,
Terra cotta and dull blue,
Glowing softly,
Warmly,
In the window of a shop.

They spoke of leaping fires,
Of sparks flying up a black chimney
Of a soft rug underfoot,
A deep chair,
A book.

Suddenly
I was jostled by the crowd;
The wind cut through my coat,
The rain pattered on the sidewalk,
Coldly,
Umbrellas gleamed under the street lamps.

Then sadly
I left them,
A pair of slippers
In the window of a shop.

II. A Chinese Vase

It stood
Upon a stand of ebony,
Glowing warmly red
Against the sable background;
In all that window full of tawdry things
It alone stood out,—
A thing of beauty.
But where are the hands of him
Who traced bizzare figures

Of silver
Upon the crimson shoulders of the vase?

Where are the eyes of him
Who, through slanting lids,
Looked fondly
At his handiwork?

Where is the heart of him
Who loved the beauty he created?

Under the sobbing camphor trees
Crumbled to dust;
Under the rustling bamboo
Lost and forgotten.

Yet this heathen hath immortality
For the beauty of his soul
Goes shining down the centuries.

III. A String of Pearls

Under the glare of light
The pearls were glistening,
White as the petal of a lily.
Surely they were created
To adorn some slender throat,
A throat more beautiful than the pearls themselves.

Yet they are purchased and borne away
To rest upon a short, fat neck;
And when their owner goes in state
To the opera,
The eyes of all the soulless herd
Are turned upon the pearls.
"They cost a cool two hundred thousand,"
They say one to the other.
But the pearls are glistening,

White as the petal of a lily,
Still beautiful,
Even though they lay upon a short, fat neck.



A LUCKY ACCIDENT



HE rain, driven by the wind, was coming down in solid sheets. The pavements glistened, the depressions in the sidewalks were filled with water.

Those who were sitting around a fireplace in their homes felt doubly comfortable as they heard the rain beating against the windows.

Among the few who were on the streets this cold wet night, was Doris Whipple. She carried an umbrella, but because of the wind, it gave no protection. Her light summer suit was soaked through and through, as were her thin shoes. This was only the third day she had been out since recovering from the "flu." She was penniless, jobless, and, since this morning shelterless.

Where would she sleep that night? She did not know. She would undoubtedly have to depend upon charity for a bed and supper, but she was proud. She had, after much thought, decided that for to-night she would

depend upon charity and to-morrow if she was unable to find a position she would telegraph her parents.

She was crossing a street, holding her umbrella low, in order to keep off as much rain as possible, when she heard a screech of brakes, hastily applied. The next thing she knew she was looking into the face of Jack Dalton to whom she had been engaged, but who was killed in the war. She immediately lost consciousness again. The next time she opened her eyes, she saw a white ceiling, not the stained mottled ceiling of her boarding house room. As she slowly turned her head she saw a white wall, curtainless windows and lastly, sitting beside her bed, a white-capped and aproned individual. Then she realized that she was in a hospital, but where was Jack? Had she really seen him? She might have been delirious at the time or, perhaps, she had almost left the land of the living and Jack had come to meet her. He had been a doctor in this very hospital before going to France and it was possible that his ghost haunted his former surroundings. She convinced herself that one of these explanations was right and so said nothing of it to anyone.

When Doris had received word

of his death, she had come to the city to forget by plunging into the work of earning her own living. She had not sent her address to her parents, even, but wrote to them often to tell them that she was well. So far, instead of forgetting, it had been mostly remembering, especially since seeing his face. The third day after the accident when the doctor came in he said,

"You are much stronger to-day Miss Whipple. Do you think you can stand a shock?"

At her nod of assent he went and called to someone. As the doctor stepped out Jack Dalton

walked in. With an effort Doris kept from fainting.

"Steady now, Doris, don't faint or I can't come again. You fainted the first time you saw me and I haven't been able to see you since except when you were sleeping."

"Jack, I thought that you were——"

"Dead? So did everyone else until I came back. Your folks have been trying to find you ever since then. I've found you now, and, believe me, you won't have a chance to get away again!"

Dorothy Kent '21.



H A T R E D

A TREATISE WHEREIN THE AUTHOR ENDEAVORS TO DEAL WITH THE MORAL AND PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF HATRED

We have often been told that all hatred is wrong and that no hatred is justified, but I hold that there may be just and righteous hatred. Wrath being a form of hatred, let us consider one of two instances. Take for example the wrath that rises in



a man who is cranking a Ford on a cold morning. Is not his passion justified, and is it not best that he should give vent to his deep emotion in some fitting manner, and thereby avoid the danger of bursting a blood vessel? As another instance let us take Mr. Incolus Suburbis. What could be more just and righteousness than his hatred of his neighbor's fowls, which take such keen delight in ruining his spring garden, the garden, the garden that had given Mr. Suburbis a lame back and calloused hands? Such hatreds as these, far from being a demor-

alizing influence, are a moralizing influence, for they bring before the eyes of the public the evils of Fords and fowls, and thereby open the way to remedy these evils. Indeed, have you not noticed that Fords are now equipped with self starters, and that the new wire fence is more effective than the old? Therefore I say that such hatred should not be suppressed, but rather should be encouraged in order that such needed reforms may be accomplished. But let us turn to the physical aspects of the question.

Anger acts as wine; it is a stimulant. While intoxicated with anger, a man (and a woman, too, no doubt) is endowed with superhuman strength, he does not feel any wounds that may be inflicted upon him at this time, and he is often unconscious of his surroundings. The after effects of this intoxication may

also be compared to the after effects of wine. For those of a strong constitution the "morning after" holds no terrors, but those of weaker nerves and body suffer from severe head aches and complete bodily fatigue. The entire nervous system is often left in a chaotic state. Therefore I say, "know thyself!" some may imbibe freely without fear of the consequences; others must be more temperate. In other words, with some, hatred must be suppressed to a certain degree in order to prevent dangerous results.

It is interesting to note that these sprees are of various length. With some they spread over several days, or even longer, during which the appetite is stimulated, and the body is filled with vigor; these sprees pass off gradually and with no evil effects. With others the period of intoxication is of brief duration, but of great intensity. During the period, the person is so stimulated that food is unnecessary, and even repulsive, and the body is filled with unusual strength. These sprees are the most dangerous, since they come to an end suddenly and leave the body and mind completely fatigued.

I find upon consideration that there are three types of hatred. The first and least dangerous is that which begins pianissimo, and with gradual crescendo, which covers several days, works

up to furioso, and then to the climax, after which there is a long, gradual diminuendo. The second type is generally very dangerous to the angry person; it consists of a single, rapid, crescendo, a tremendous climax, and a sudden, abrupt diminuendo. The third type is the least noticeable and is the most feared by the object of the hatred. This type sometimes has a serious effect upon the person who is angry, but as often it does not. It is the type where the melody runs smoothly and without a break, but in the accompaniment there is a sinister, awe-inspiring tremolo, now loud, now soft, never breaking the melody, but always there, a seething simmering hatred, hatred in its most deadly form.

And now sum up: hatred should not be entirely suppressed, but should be expressed in such a way as to bring about a moral and social reform; it lies with each person as to how much his anger should be controlled, and to this end everyone should study the mental and physical efforts of anger upon his individuality.

HERE

ENDETH THIS
TREATISE COMPLETED
THIS EIGHTEENTH DAY OF
FEBRUARY IN THE YEAR
OF OUR LORD ONE
THOUSAND NINE
HUNDRED AND
TWENTY
Doe. Frank Leo Fenton '21.

THE ATTIC TRUNK

Within that attic trunk,
Ascrrolled and carved
In ancient pattern,
Lies a costume of blue satin
With rich old lace
And tarnished silver buttons.
He who wore this satin coat
Might have been handsome.
At the ball he danced,
The gayest.

Well worn and marked
His law books lie within.
They speak of Problem and ambitions
This is just supposing—
Who really knows?
Nothing remains of
Somebody's life,
But just three things that lie within
The attic trunk.

Isabel Homan '21.



GREGSON

That picture on my desk is one of Tom Gregson. About the last one he had taken, I guess. Rather a nice looking chap, Tom was. The most striking thing about him was his eyes; they were as soft as a fawn's, yet he seemed to look right through you. I met him first at college. He was a transfer from some eastern university, and had been here only a year when he quit. They said his father died. Although he didn't finish his course in architecture, it was only five years until he was known up and down the coast; in ten years he was famous all over the United States and was making big money. Then he died. The death of Tom Gregson is one of the great mysteries of San Francisco. I'll tell you what I know about it and then you may think what you will.

I didn't know Gregson very well at college, because he never mingled with the rest of us very much, and hated a crowd. He was the most sensitive fellow I ever knew and he had an enormous imagination. After he left college I had business dealings with him from time to time and I came to know him quite well, as well as I ever could, I think. I spent several weeks with Gregson the winter he died and it was one evening about a month before his death that he told me

about the dreams he had been having.

"You know, Pat, I had a sister once," Gregson began in a musing tone, as if he were talking more to himself than to me. "She was about three years younger than I, and when she was nine years old she disappeared. We were never able to find the slightest trace of her. She just dropped out of sight completely. That was what killed my mother, and my father spent the rest of his life and a fortune in trying to find her, but it was no use. He could not get even a trace. When we came out to California it was because my father thought perhaps he might find some trace of her here. It was about eighteen years ago that my sister disappeared, and now after all these years I have begun to dream about her. The dreams aren't just ordinary ones either. They seem as real as life itself. It may be foolish, but I have come to believe those dreams.

"The first time I had a dream about Barbara, I thought I had gone into an opium den in Chinatown. She was there cooking the stuff for the smokers. I tried to take her away with me, but a short, fat Chinaman called some men and had me thrown out. I struck my shoulder as I fell and it woke me up. I had

a fearful headache. That might have come from the nervous strain, but what astonished me was my shoulder, the one I struck in my dream. It pained me for days, although I couldn't see that there was any bruise on it. Several times I have had a similar dream. The short, fat chink seems to be the owner of the den. He looks just like hundreds of other Chinamen except that he wears on the index finger of his left hand a very queer ring. It is a single immense topaz, carved in the form of a dragon with an emerald for the eye. I have tried several times to find the joint in the day time, but I never can. In my dreams every thing is very vague until I reach the den; I never see the streets I follow to get there. One time when I was wandering around in Chinatown trying to find some place that I would recognize, I thought I saw my sister, but it was only for a moment. When I reached the spot where she had stood, she was gone and there was nothing there but a blank wall. And still I have those dreams. I can't get rid of them."

"Tom," I said, "you're letting your imagination run away with you. You want to stop it or it's apt to be the worse for you."

"That's what I'm afraid of," he said, "and yet I can't get away from those dreams."

For the next few days, Tom said nothing about our conversa-

tion, and I had almost forgotten it when one afternoon about five o'clock the whole thing came to my mind again. I was hurrying down Market Street when I nearly ran into a girl and a Chinese woman coming out of the Palace Hotel. The girl glanced up at me and then away again, but that one glance was enough to show me that her eyes were exactly like those of Tom Gregson. Followed by the Chinese woman, she quickly entered a limousine that was standing at the curb and rolled away. The young woman was well dressed, and to anyone else she would have seemed to be a wealthy woman with a Chinese maid. As I stood staring after the car, I thought I felt some one grab my arm and shake it. I looked around. There was no one within six feet of me, yet I felt that there was someone beside me. The situation was too much for me and I started back to Gregson's apartment.

When I got there I found Tom sitting on a couch in his den. Even though it was nearly dark, I could see that his face was drawn and white, and I knew that he had been dreaming again. He told me what he had been dreaming, and this was the conclusion of his story:

"I was following the limousine when it stopped in front of the Palace Hotel. Barbara and the Chinese woman went in. Just as they were coming out you came along the street and nearly ran

into Barbara. Then you stood back and watched them go away. I ran up and shook your arm and tried to get you to help me follow the limousine, but you paid no attention to me and went on down the street. Soon afterward I woke up."

I, too, was getting into Gregson's dreams. He had described to me every thing that took place on Market Street when he was about three miles away. When he mentioned shaking my arm, I turned cold all over and shook like a leaf. I was glad the room was nearly dark. A feeling of horror and dread came over me, and I slept but little that night. It seemed as if I was lying awake waiting for something; I didn't know what, but I lay there tense, waiting and listening. About four o'clock in the morning it came. I heard Tom groaning. I ran into his room and found him twisting on his bed still asleep and moaning as if in great pain. I shook him violently, and gradually he came to his senses. When he had fully regained consciousness he said:

"Well, old boy, it's lucky you came when you did. If you hadn't, I would have been a gonner. A big Chinaman had knocked me down with club and in a few minutes he would have finished me."

He stopped for a few minutes and held his head in his hands, complaining of a terrible pain

over his eyes. I looked at his forehead, but of course there was no mark of any kind.

"I found out what they're having Barbara do," Gregson continued. "She distributes opium to the different joints. I discovered the street that the main den is on, too. It's Dupont Street."

For several days Tom complained of his head. It was so sore that he couldn't even comb his hair. One evening without thinking I put my hand on top of his head as he was sitting before the fire and he cried out in pain. Finally the soreness left him and he was all right again. I had to go away for a few days and left the city Monday. Gregson hadn't had any dreams for some time then. On Thursday I picked up a San Francisco paper and there on the front page were two columns devoted to the story of the death of Tom Gregson, the famous architect. Doctors could give no reason for the death. There were no marks of violence on the body, and no traces of poisoning. It seemed as if the heart had just stopped beating from no cause whatever.

"The chinks got him," I thought, and made preparations to leave for San Francisco the next morning. I went at once to Gregson's apartment. Luckily Tom had given me a pass key and I had no difficulty in getting in. Tom always kept a diary, and the night before I went away he showed me where

he kept it in his desk. I didn't know why he showed me at that time, but as soon as I heard of his death I knew. The last entry had been made on Wednesday morning, the morning before his death. It said:

"Last night I went to the opium den again. I saw it more clearly this time. The entrance is through a secret side door in the shop at 28 Dupont Street."

I immediately went to that number. There was an orderly

little shop with vases, and bowls, and carved ivory for sale. Within a short, fat Chinaman was calmly smoking a pipe and reading the morning paper. As I entered, he rose and folded up his paper. He placed it on the counter and pressed it down with his left hand. On the index finger was a topaz carved in the shape of a dragon with an emerald for the eye.

F. L. F. '21.



DAN'S MOTHER

Martha was frying doughnuts. She bent her slender form back to escape the sizzling, sputtering heat, while with her long fork she dipped out the crisp brown circles from the bubbling fat, and deposited them in a large granite milk pan. Dan, coming up from the field a moment, stopped long enough to sample her efforts.

"Well, Marty, you making doughnuts? That's good," and helped himself liberally from the heaping pan. "Don't you know Marty, it's a scorchin' outside" he continued perching himself on the table beside the pan of doughnuts. "These are mighty nice, Marty, most as good as mother's you'll catch up if you keep on trying."

Just then a howling sound from outdoors was heard and Marty hastened out with scarlet cheeks and in a few minutes returned with their small son. "You didn't let him sleep outdoors?" Dan asked.

"There's sure to be a draft, Mother never let us breathe outdoor air when we were asleep."

Marty turned a scarlet red and had on the tip of her tongue one hundred things to say that she did not say.

Dan then returned to the fields to work and left Marty and the baby alone. Marty was tired of everything. If only she could do something right.

"Soda buseuits," said Dan, the next morning as he sat down to breakfast. "Mother's recipe?"

"Yes."

"That's right, she made the best I ever ate. I'm going over to Houlton to-day, Marty. You won't be lonesome, will you?"

"No, not with baby."

Suddenly an idea struck her. She would give her husband a treat. She would go after Dan's mother. It was only a four mile drive. Dan's mother had never been to see her son and his wife, in fact, she hardly knew Marty. The wooing and winning had taken place at college and there Marty and Dan had boarded until Dan had bought a small home. Nothing would have hurt Dan's mother more, with her warm heart and two hundred pounds of flesh than to know that she was the cause of her daughter-in-law's domestic unhappiness. It chanced, from one cause and another that she had never been in her son's new home.

"Mother!" cried Dan that night, springing up the steps in surprise. Well, how in earth did you get here?"

"Marty wouldn't take, "No," for an answer. She drove over in all this heat. Why, hasn't the baby grown, he looks just like you, Dan, only he's got his mother's eyes."

After supper Dan lingered in the kitchen. "I'm glad you brought mother over," he said to Marty. "You can learn a lot of things. Just ask her about corn-cake to-morrow. That you made to-night was a bit soggy."

There was a smile of amusement on Marty's lips to-night. Then she said, "Don't say anything to her about it Dan, please."

"Why, of course not, Marty, if you don't want me to. But you know you'll never learn if you're proud."

"Wonder what he'd say if he knew that she had made that corn bread," thought Marty when Dan had joined his mother on the porch. "I'd rather he'd find fault with me than to tell him, for that wasn't a fair chance for mother as she wasn't used to the oven."

"You've got as nice a little wife as ever was, said Dan's mother, as her son sat down beside her.

"That's so," responded Dan heartily. "You'll be a lot of company for her and you can

teach her your ways."

"Hasn't she got her own ways?" returned his mother.

The next day Marty was taken sick. The doctor said that she was all run down and needed a rest of about four days. This left all the work in the hands of Dan's mother. At the end of four days Dan was cured of his mother's ways entirely. How could he have ever thought that his mother was a good cook? Marty was ten times as good a cook. As for housekeeping his mother was nothing compared to Marty. Everything was confused, the butter not churned, dirty dishes lying around, the clothes not ironed or anything. He knew that Marty could do all this in no time and have time for baking extra things. Oh, how good it would be when Marty was up and around again!

The last night Marty was in bed she overheard a conversation between Dan and his mother at the supper table.

"Mother this bread tastes soggy, why don't you get Marty's receipt?"

Edith Moore '21.

A STAGE TRIP

It was a hot July morning about half past eleven when our train rumbled into the Hopland station. Nearly all the passengers who dismounted hurried, like myself, to the Lakeport stage. I wedged myself into one of the long, narrow seats, which were placed very close together, and took note of my fellow travellers. My attention was first attracted to a very stout old gentleman, who was puffing and wheezing at a terrific rate as he tried to force his corpulent body between two seats; finally by dint of much groaning, he managed to seat himself, and with a great sigh of relief began to fan his red face with his hat. Behind him came a tall, thin man, a jaded tourist he was, dressed in the most correct of tourist



costumes. In his hand he carried a stick, an alpen-stock no doubt,

with which he meant to climb the famous Lake County mountains. He entered silently, with a look of the most wretched boredom on his face. The only sound I heard him utter during our eighteen mile trip from Hopland to Lakeport was a muttered word or two when he was trying, as I had done, to make his legs fit in between two seats. There was but one other passenger whom I noticed at that stage of our journey: a short, plump, grey-haired little lady, who by rights should have been a grandmother, but whom I soon discovered was a school teacher. She had spent all her vacations, and all her money, travelling, and it had evidently agreed with her, for she was fairly overflowing with good nature, and chattered all the way from the train to the stage. As soon as she was seated, she turned to the fat man, who had removed his coat and collar and was trying to make himself comfortable beside her, and said, "It is quite warm today, isn't it? It reminds me of southern Italy."

"S too damn hot to live!" snorted the fat man, and the little school teacher, with an astonished "Oh!" turned to the passenger on her left. The conductor (would you call the person who takes your money on an auto stage a conductor?) shouted "All aboard!" and I vainly tried once more to arrange

my legs, as the stage rolled thru the main street of Hopland and started on its upward climb to Highland Springs.

For some time there was no sound except the purr of the motor, the labored breathing of the fat man, and the chattering of the school teacher. A tree reminded her of one she had seen in Scotland, the mountains and roads were exactly like Switzerland, and a little creek was a perfect twin for one she had seen in the Pyrenees!

At the first curve I became fully aware of the woman who sat next to me. From all appearances she was one of those poor housewives who for the past twenty years had done nothing but cook, wash dishes and sweep floors; if she had suddenly been stricken with some dreadful malady, or had been fatally injured in some accident she would have gasped with her last breath: "Thank Heaven! I've just baked a batch of bread so there is something in the house for 'em to eat, anyway." She had



not said a word since entering the stage, but when the machine was making a turn, hanging it seemed in mid-air, there issued from this quiet-looking woman a screech that drowned the stage's siren, that had been echoing through the canyons, a screech so blood curdling that for an instant it tricked my imagination into believing that the banshee of my grandmother's fairy tales was there beside me in the form of a woman. Have you ever heard a dog howling at the moon in the middle of the night? It was like that, but even more ghastly. At each turn the screech, increasing each time in volume, rang deafeningly in my ears, and I and all the other passengers were quite used to it by the time we reached Highland Springs, where my banshee left us.

As the stage stopped, all the poor, pitiful summer boarders



rushed out and stood waiting for the mail to be delivered. There were those who had dress-

ed in their prettiest frocks and had combed their hair three times before obtaining the desired effect; those who had cut short their luncheon and came running out still violently masticating the dumplings for which the inn was notorious; those who had returned from a hike in the hills: all to witness the daily arrival of the stage. We stopped at Highland Springs for lunch, and the school teacher, between bites, told a companion how much the hotel resembled one she had seen in Norway. The poor fat man breathed more easily in the dense shade of the maple trees surrounding the hotel, and to add to his comfort he obtained a great bucket of ice water which he emptied before the stage started.

Since Highland Springs stands almost at the top of the range of mountains between Hopland and Lakeport, the rest of our journey was practically all down hill, and the stage coasted quietly along. The school teacher fell asleep immediately after declaring that the Toll House looked for all the world like the

lodge on Lord Somebody's estate in England, and the unusual calm that followed must have lulled me to sleep, because the next thing I heard was the voice of the school teacher saying that the glimpse of the Clear Lake she had just seen, reminded her of the Lakes of Killarney. Soon after, we rolled into Lakeport and I was astonished to hear her say: "How quaint! I never saw anything quite like it in Europe!" As soon as we stopped in front of the hotel, the fat man began to shout for ice water and



a shower bath, and the jaded tourist and I unwound our legs, thankful to be able to stretch them out once more.

F. L. F. '21.



COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN

One may talk about the Heaven sent rain all they please or about the delight of going out in the rain; but with them Sally would not agree.

For with winter came a darkness to her abode that was little less than night, due to the smallness of the "five by six" room and the greater smallness of a tires petite window.

Besides, Sally did not call it pleasure to trudge over the black, slippery sidewalk with a tyrannic downpour drenching her thinly clad body and drowning her spirits as well.

At such times the streets looked more than their usual unfriendly gray, the shops and store windows appeared dull. Even the people were so obsessed by rain that any benign spirit within them was totally swept away.

On these occasions Sally would make one reckless expenditure to brighten up her spirits—which was ten cents for coffee and doughnuts or fifteen for flap-jacks at Murphy's.

This very night that our tale commences, Sally made her way slowly to Murphy's little hostelry.

It really was not such a bad place after all thought Sally as she pushed open the door with a cold stiff hand and was welcomed with aroma of coffee and en-

trancing smell of hot grease and sweet syrup—that spelled flap-jacks.

Ah! how good it felt to sit and bask under the light of the electric light globes and to feel the warmth of the room penetrating into her frozen system. So Sally was sitting behind a large mound of fluffy brown pancakes when suddenly a black figure confronted her and took a seat opposite her at the same table.

Her first feeling was one of a daze as she was suddenly interrupted from her reveries by so unusual an occurrence. For generally she had this small table in an obscure recess of the room entirely her own. Finally she gazed across the table at the intruder. He was looking vaguely for a bill of fare.

His protruding chin, prominent nose and high forehead was surmounted by a luxuriant crop of mustard colored hair.

"Pardon me," he interrupted, directing his gaze at Sally. "Do they not have bills of fare here?"

"Shucks!" replied Sally, "That is a waste of money and besides everyone knows that the whole servin' is made up of doughnuts and coffee or pan-cakes."

"Oh, I understand; thank you," responded the young gentleman in a rather chagrined tone.

Sally thought next, "I don't

see why I always have to be so snappish! It's them irritating women with their uncanny tastes that get on my nerves and make me this way,—'I want a wider lace, or a simpler one or one not so plain;'—until all the stock is spread out on the counter before them."

Somehow the keen gray eyes did not look harshly upon her but seemed to scan her with mild interest. After this unceremonious introduction the young man began conversation and Sally, repentant of her rudeness, consented to reply in friendly tones.

Before the close of the rather extended repast, Blake Mannering was sure he had met the girl of his dreams—attractive, frank of speech, without undue words or actions. Sally was not so sure of her feelings; but that she was enjoying herself and being entertained. She arose to go.

"May I meet you again, Miss—Miss——?"

"Crompton," responded Sally. "Just as you like," she replied.

I generally come here on rainy nights," and off she walked up to the cash register.

Blake Mannering smiled. It was the first time that anyone didn't seem excited over his company. He, the son of a notable banker and sought zealously by everyone in high society! This little person with her total indifference pleased him. It was fortunate for him that he had lost his umbrella and stepped in here for shelter.

Sally continued her work, but secretly confessed that she wouldn't mind so very much if it rained again so that she——

Well, never mind! Several tete-a-tetes followed the second one at Murphy's until even Sally was assured that he was the one for her.

Finally one day the two walked out of the recorder's office, proclaimed man and wife, with nothing but happiness and an unknown sea before them and—IT WAS RAINING!

Esther Sorensen '21.



SAMANTHY ANN VIEWS THE PAGEANT

"Set, Samanthu, set! 'n tell me whet ya seen at the pageant. I been jest thet sceared fer fear you'd git lost or kidnapped thet I was jest gittin' ready ter take out after ya."

"As though I can't take keer of myself! Me as what air used ter city ways seein' as how I've been ter every circus thar fer nigh on to fifteen years. But Ma it war the purtyest thing you ever laid your eyes on 'n I was jest thet mad at myself fer not makin you come along. 'N Ma you never seed such a crowd. Why 'twas worser 'n a circus any day. Even ole man Hardy war thar."

"Wal, I'll be drawn on!—Harman Hardy. Wal, wal! It musta been purty good if he'd spend his money ter see it. Hurry up Samanthu, 'n tell me about the pageant. You allus was the kind thet takes an hour t' tell whet other people ken tell in ten minutes. Hurry up I say!"

"Don't git me excited now ma er I'll forgit it all. First, there war some songs by a lady whet hed on a white dress—all lace mind ya, that looked every bit as good as thet whet you got fer my birthday 'n paid thirty-nine cints a yard fer."

"My land, Samanthu. You don't say!! Why she must a give ten dollars fer it all. I'm feared I shouldn't a let you go ter that there pageant—you

might be a gittin' extravagant notions. But go on Samanthu whet happened thin?"

"Wal thin the King came in along with his guard and Ma they war the yallerist things! Even yallerer than thet yaller dorg 'o Mandy's, an' they do say as how they all war only school kids."

"You don't say! Wal by gravy it does beat a hen a peck-in'! How was it ever did?"

"Wal they do say t'was only yaller paint and dirt mixed ter-gether. Thin in came a lot of girls whet the program said war Egyptians. These here Egyptians had on white bloomer-like dresses with different colored sashes. Wal, they waved their arms around in the air fer awhile, tryin' ter make the King who war the Sun grant them rain, so their crops would grow. Kin you imagine that!—a worshipping the sun?"

"Wal I'll be gosh-ding-er I mean I'll be drawn on—heathens right in our midst. Samanthu we must do our duty 'n report it at the very next meetin' of the Ladies' Aid."

"But Ma you don't understand. They war jus' actin'."

"I swan now, were they now. Wal, I do swan. But git a move on ya Samanthu. Whet happened next?"

Wal, these her Egyptians danced 'n danced and finally—now

maw remember 'twar only actin'—they all fell down flat in front of the King but he didn't pay the least bit of attention to them at all 'n' so they all danced out."

"Just let me say this Samanthu—It's almighty big wonder ter me thet you ain't entirely corrupted after seein' those girls. I can't say as I've noticed any change in you but I'm lookin' fer it any minute."

"Now maw—if you'll believe it, it was awful purty and the people clapped lots."

"All I kin say is thet there are still lots of fools in the world. But fer heaven sakes Samanthu get a wiggle on you er you'll not be done until this time next year."

"Wal, gimme a chanst! After the Egyptian girls, the Grecian girls came on and they war turrible purty in their white dresses with big sleeves thet floated out whin they danced like butterfly wings. Wal, they danced 'n' danced but the King would not give them his favor so the Indians came in. Whin I seed those Indians Ma I war thet sceared fer a minute that I wisht I hed my six-shooter along. They war the awfulest lookin things—barfooted 'n' in rags and starving. They danced fer the King but he was not pleased so the favorite daughter of the chief danced fer him by herself. This won his favor an' it rained and the crops all perked up an' grewed swell. Thin the Eyp-

tian girls and Grecian girls all came back and three of the purtyest beautifulest girls in the purtyest most beautifulest dresses of all colors danced whet the programe said as how was the "Flower Dance." Thin Mr. Burbank the man what invented Burbank spuds 'n' Shasta Daisies 'n' lots of other things, and fer who the pageant was give stood up thin 'n' everyone clapped and thin they sang "America" and thet war the end."

"Wal, I swan, if thet warn't 'N' you say so how 'twar all give fer this here Mr. Burbank?"

"Yes mostly but that there programe said too that it was give ter start money fer a memorial buildin' fer agriculture."

"I'll be gosh din-er-I'll be drawn on if thet warn't swell. Who ever thunked it all out?"

"Some lady called Hodge."

"Wal all I kin say is her head musta been full of somethin' sides mind, 'n' I wish as how I could shake with her and thet you'd git acquainted with her Samanthu an' maybe you could git ter be as smart as she is."

"Maw, sometimes I think as how you don't appreciate my brain power. Ef you only would learn to 'preciate me you'd sure think I war smart—now take fer instance how nice I tole you 'bout the pageant. Ain't that proof thet I'm smart?"

"Wal, all I kin say Samanthu is thet I hope you wont git the big-head because you must re-

member that I war allus smart
an' course 'twould come natural
for ya. I allus hev wanted you
ter git the advantage of an' edu-

cation an' I guess this here pag-
eant war a real treat."

"That it war."

Annie Sheppard '21.

REALIZATION

The sun is set, the night is come,
The sounds of day are stilled.
I rest beneath a starry sky,
My soul with awe is filled.

I see again the ageless stars
To me a magic sight;
How wonderful they truly are,
Those gleaming points of light!

I look into a boundless space
Whose reaches are so great,
I realize not what I see
But needs must call it Fate.

But surely when I call it Fate
I do not credit Him
Who made the stars and world: I see
So distant and so dim.

Until my one remaining doubt
If God and Heaven there is
Departs and leaves me in repose:
These worlds are surely His!

R. CRAIG '21.

DITCH DAY

The first Wednesday in April the student body of the S. R. J. C. declared a college holiday—Ditch Day. On that day the students did not attend their classes, and we hope that next year the precedent will not be forgotten. The weather was beautiful, and hence we decided to go to the ocean for the day. We thought that the coast in the neighborhood of Wright's Beach would be as good a place as we could well find.

By a little after nine o'clock in the morning, the students and chaperones, Mrs. Wolfe, wife of the Dean, and Mrs. Cole, assembled in front of the high school building, and were conveyed in three cars to Sebastopol, where we included in our party two girls residing there. As is usual, there was some engine trouble, which we adjusted before leaving the town. The rest of the journey was uneventful. The fields and hillsides bordering the road were beautiful to behold, some planted in orchards of blooming apples, some covered with luxuriant

grass. Of the three machines, one was far in the lead. They turned off the road, and of course, the other two machines passed the turn off without thinking of following it. Because of this we were late in assembling on the beach. We carried the lunch down, and spread it upon a paper table cloth, as is usual at picnics. The



viands, to call the provisions, food would scarce do them justice, had been prepared by the girls, and certainly did them credit. We passed a merry hour eating lunch, and then basked in the sun for a while.

Soon the lure of the water proved too great for a number, and donning bathing suits, we braved the chill waters. Chill does not do the Pacific justice, cold or frigid might be more adequate in describing the icy waters. Yet, cold as the water was,



several enjoyed it very much, although few remained long in the waves. There is nothing like bathing in the ocean.

We might mention in passing, that two of the boys found some dried kelp, and constructed horns of them. The sounds produced were not of a melodious nature, and many of us were somewhat annoyed by the persistent efforts of the juvenile musicians. One of the boys brought his horn to school the next day—but we digress.

It is wonderful how quickly and pleasantly an afternoon may be spent in a congenial gathering. We sat in the sand, between our plunges in the breakers and were grateful for the warm rays of the sun.

There were two cameras and several rolls of film, in order that the event might have a pictorial record in the annals of the college. Many of us soon learned not to turn when addressed from behind, because we,

like the heathen, feared the eye of

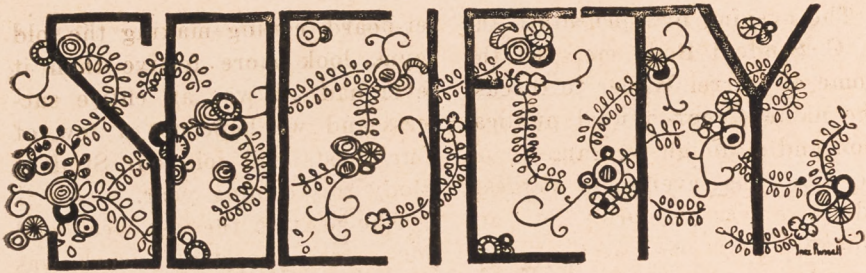


the camera. Despite their best efforts, everyone had his picture taken, and if you will look at some of them on other pages of this "Bear Cub" you will agree with us that our photographer secured some clever effects.

We had a lunch at about four o'clock, at which we managed to finish nearly all the food prepared for one meal. Perhaps you desire an enumeration of the delicacies, but we hold that such a repast is too nearly divine to be exposed to the public gaze.

By four thirty we were ready to begin the homeward journey, this ride was as uneventful as the first one. We arrived at our various domiciles feeling that the world, our world, was pretty much alright.

R. Craig '21.



The second year of the Junior College has gone through with a rush as to social affairs. Early in the semester our Dean and his vivacious wife, who were new acquirements of the Junior College, entertained the students at their home on Fourth Street. The evening was really a reception to the new students and faculty and a field meet was participated in. Miss Walker and Mr. Howes were captains of the opposing sides. Annie Sheppard won the fifty yard dash in blowing a peanut across the floor with great rapidity. Isabel Homan succeeded in completing the difficult feat of running the high hurdles consisting of broom sticks; and Mr. Howes won the "Standing Broad Grin." Miss Walker's side proved victorious, winning the wonderful silver trophy cup containing enough candy to treat the victor. Delicious refreshments were served and the party broke up after some college songs by the bunch.

Hallow'een Eve, was spent at the home of Inez Russell, five miles from Santa Rosa. Games and spooky stunts were played and a feature of the evening was

a husking race. An appropriate supper was enjoyed at a late hour.

Quite a function of the semester which we hope to have perpetuated by the following classes was a New Year's Eve Masque dance. Many original costumes were displayed and the New Year was welcomed with spirit.

On April first the Occidental Glee Club gave us a concert under the auspices of the Junior College and the members were given a dinner by Mrs. Wolfe before the performance. The boys were entertained in pairs for the night at various homes of Santa Rosa supporters of the Junior College and so boosted the Southern College among their Northern friends.

Not having had any vacation since the first of the year the students decided to inaugurate a "Ditch Day" on April the seventh. We held a picnic at Wright' Beach going and coming in autos belonging to individuals of the student body.

The weather was beautiful, the water was cold, the lunch was great; everybody enjoyed everything.

The evening of April ninth the J. C. Student Body met at the home of Verrel Weber to discuss the name of our annual publication and although we came to no decision that evening a suggested name was the price of admittance and we accomplished considerable along with the fun.

The Girl's High Jinks was in the form of a house party at the Russell ranch. We indulged in all sorts of pranks and had a ripping time.

One hot afternoon in May when it was too suffocating to work the girls went out the highway to Mark West Creek; found a swimming hole and with "eats" enough to feed a regiment, we almost suffered but were better able to resume the daily regime next day.

Then the Junior College gave a reception to the Seniors of all the schools of the county. Alida Showers, one of our former students, who is attending the College of Pacific, came back to play for us. Miss Miner helped by making and serving the punch assisted by several girls from the Junior High classes. Roses were used in French baskets suspended from a black and white check-

er-board ceiling making the old gym. look more festive than it ever had. I was an entire success and we hope not a few of our guests will join our Student Body this coming year.

The next to the last week end before the semester's work was over, we spent at Rionido. The cottages of Mr. Houx and Mr. King, which adjoin each other, were secured by Waldemar King and the students and faculty swam, boated, hiked and ate for three delightful days.

The last Friday before parting, for many of our faculty are leaving us, we went to swim at Burke, the home of Eunice Gutermute and after evading the sun in his efforts to scorch us for several hours, we went to the Russell ranch where a Farewell Dinner was served.

Mrs. Wolfe has been a most efficient and enthusiastic aid to all our social activities. The whole faculty have always cooperated and the student body has worked together with excellent accord to make our affairs a success. With our work we have played and been thoroughly alive.

Eunice Gutermute '20

JUNIOR COLLEGE DOINGS

JUNIOR COLLEGE VAUDEVILLE

I went to see the Bear Cub's play
Wednesday, at half past ten.
I heard the orphan's guardian say:
"My charge's strength has given way—
Only the hard earned cash you pay
Will bring him to again."

And my heart bled to hear him yell
"Eliminate the eggs!"
Then Frank on the piano fell
And made its classic raptures swell
I'm here to say he did it well,
Knocked Cortot off his pegs.

Miss Walker sang: the play began
I tell you it was great
Yes, Inez Russell surely can
Make Bernhardt seem an "also ran."
And, when in earshot of a man
His sleep exterminate.

And I admired the baby's squall
Likewise, the maiden aunt
A good night's rest was had by all
The Californian, (eight feet tall)
Roderick played with what I call
A manner disputant.

As Porter, Thomas was all there
And the worthy Mr. King
Played his triple role with savior faire
Frank handled his mustache with care
His wife's embraces had their share
In jazzing up the thing.

The way in which the play was done
Gave me ecstatic fits
I hope the Bear Cub made some "mun"
I got my money's worth of fun
For I was "touched" more ways than one
I lost my last two-bits.

Edwin R. Clapp.

—THE FRENCH CLUB—

J. C. French club was organized to promote the practical side of the study of French. It was felt that the students needed more practice in spoken French out of the class room and our club has afforded this as well as much pleasure to the students. The society was organized under the guidance of Miss Walker, the head of the language department.

At the first meeting this year we elected officers as follows: Verrel Weber, president; Thomas Browncombe, vice president and Frank Fenton, secretary. Laura Whitney was put in charge of the program committee, to see that some form of entertainment was planned for each meeting.

Our rules are few—the principal one being that no English be spoken during the meetings. Any

language save French is subject to a fine.

During the year various members of the club have been in charge of the programs and several interesting meetings have resulted. At the last gathering before Christmas Dorothy Vaughan was in charge, and had arranged a real Christmas frolic. We had a tree with all the “fixings” and a small appropriate present for each person. After the gifts had all been opened and admired Miss Walker told us how the people of Italy spend their Yuletide season.

This is only one of the several good programs we have enjoyed this year. In the future we hope to see the French Club have a greater success and go on to do many new things.

Elsie Moore '21

THE STUDENT BODY

The student body officers elected for this year were: President, Laura Whitney, Treasurer dnt, Laura Whitney, Treasurer Eunice Gutermute. The most interesting features of our assemblies have been the vocational lectures arranged by Dr. Clyde Wolfe.

These speakers were: Attorney Hilliard Comstock, Dr. Shaw, Rev. Ingram, Mr. Waite of the

Republican, Mr. Banker, an advertising man, and Mr. Hull, principal of Analy High School.

These lectures aided us greatly in understanding the values of the various professions. Each speaker told of the advantages and disadvantages of his profession and also the opportunities in it. We were impressed that a profession must not be chosen unless a person is fitted for it.

Dorothy Kent '21.



Domini **Borst** went out with our **Bailie** for a tour of the **Moores** of an adjoining parish. On their way, they met a **Walker** who told them of a **Shepherd** he had just passed who was complaining of the depredations of a **Grey Wolf**, the **King** of marauders, "**How's** your nerve?" asked the **Bailie**. "**Fine**", said **Borst**, "**If we Russel** we might catch the beast in a **Web er Steel** trap."

A highland lassie was rapidly approaching, "**Ho, man**," she cried, "**I am a perfect Leddy** and I beseech your assistance. My name is **Craig**, and across yon **Fen, ton** upon ton of earth has buried my grandsire beneath an avalanche, and unaided I **Kent** rescue him." "**Fairest daughter of Eve**," parred **Borst**, "**Where are the Adams** of the vicinity?" "**I know not**," she replied, "**and I care not a Whit, nay I—**" and she broke off to let her eyes, the most beautiful of **Browns** come to rest upon the expressive countenance of our interested **Bailie** who whether he **Saw 'er 'n sunshine** or shadow, was violently smitten with charms.

IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE

As the railroad train was stopping, an old lady, unaccustomed to traveling, hailing the passing conductor, asked:

"Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

"Either door, ma'am," he graciously answered, "The car stops at both ends."

Annie S.—Where shall I sit?

J. G. H.—Oh, go and sit on your thumb.

A. S.—I would, but its got a nail in it!

Maggie—The garbage-man is here, sor.

Mr Borst absent mindedly (from deep thought)—My! my! Tell him we dont want any today.

Logic

Dr. Wolfe (explaining problem—If six boys eat a barrel of apples in twelve days, then twelve will eat them in six days.

Edith M.—Then, I suppose, if one ship crossed the ocean in ten days, ten ships would cross it in one day.



The Saving Grace



Dean



Studied



Vamping



Apollo !!



Well reared !!!!



Captive?



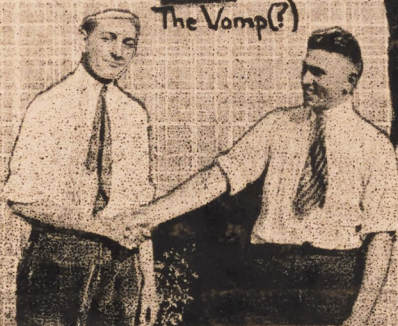
Can you blame her?



The Vomp(?)



Wall.



I'll tell the wor-ld



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of quality for less money

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D. M.—Tell me, honestly, have you ever found any practical use for what you learned at school?

Waldemar—I should say I have. One night when a burglar got into my house I scared him off with our college yell.



FP.B.



C.L.E.W.



Shadows



J.G.H.



Tom!



No Man's Land !!



R.W.B.



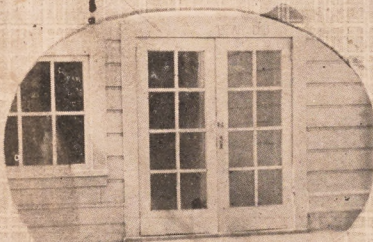
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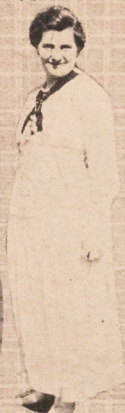
The Mere-maid !



High Life



The Office!



L.E.W.



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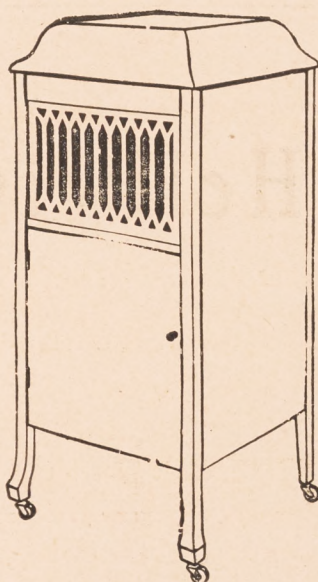
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Rod.—No, I don't suppose you ever did.

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Bakery

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Teacher—Why, you naughty boy, I never heard such language since the day I was born!

Pupil—Yes'm, I suppose there was a 'lot' of cussin' that day.

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the back row will kindly re- point out a concrete example.

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